



To you speke I, ye tercellets, quod Nature,  
Beth of good herte and serveth, alle three;  
A yere is not so longe to endure,  
And ech of yow payne him, in his degree,  
for to do wel; for, God wot, quit is she  
fro yow this yere; what after so befall,  
This entremes is dressed for you alle.

And whan this werk al broght was to an  
ende,  
To every foule Nature yaf his make  
By even acorde, and on hir wey they wende.  
Al lord! the blisse and joye that they make!  
for ech of hem gan other in winges take,  
And with hir nekkes ech gan other winde,  
Thanking alwey the noble goddesses of  
kinde.

But first were chosen foules for to singe,  
As yere by yere was alwey hir usaunce  
To singe a roundel at hir departinge,  
To do Nature honour and plesaunce.  
The note, I trowe, makid was in fraunce;  
The wordes wer swich as ye may heer finde,  
The nexte vers, as I now have in minde.

*Qui bien aime a tard oublie.*

Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softe,

That hast this wintres weders over/shake,  
And driven away the longe nightes blake!

Seynt Valentyn, that art ful hy on/lofte;  
Thus singen smale foules for thy sake,  
Now welcom somer, with thy sonne  
softe,  
That hast this wintres weders over/shake.

Wel han they cause for to gladen ofte,  
Sith ech of hem recovered hath his make;  
ful blisful may they singen whan they  
wake;  
Now welcom somer, with thy sonne softe,  
That hast this wintres weders over/shake,  
And driven away the longe nightes blake.

And with the showing, whan hir song  
was do,  
That foules maden at hir flight away,  
I wook, and other bokes took me to  
To rede upon, and yet I rede alway;  
I hope, ywis, to rede so som day  
That I shal mete som thing for to fare  
The bet; and thus to rede I nil not spare.

*Explicit tractatus de congregacione Volu-  
crum die sancti Valentini.*



BOETHIUS DE CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIE, BOOK I.

*Metre I. Camina qui quondam studio florente peregi.*



I, WEPING, AM CONSTREINED TO  
biginnen vers of sorowful matere, that why-  
lom in florisching studie made delitable dit-  
tees, for lo! rendinge Muses of poetes en-  
dyten to me thinges to be writen; and dreary

vers of wrecchednesse weten my face with  
verray teres. At the leeste, no drede ne mighte  
overcomen tho Muses, that they ne weren fe-  
lawes, and folweden my wey, that is to seyn,  
whan I was exyled; they that weren glorie of  
my youthe, whylom weleful and grene, com-  
forten now the sorowful werdes of me, olde  
man for elde is comen unwarly upon me,  
hasted by the harmes that I have, and sorow  
hath comaunded his age to be in me. Heres  
hore ben shad overtymeliche upon myn heved,  
& the slake skin trembleth upon myn emptied  
body. Thilke deeth of men is weleful that ne  
cometh not in yeres that ben swete, but com-  
eth to wrecches, often yelepied.

ALLAS! alas! with how deef an  
ere deeth, cruel, torneth away fro  
wrecches, and naiteth to closen  
wepinge eyen! Whyl fortune, un-  
feithful, favored me with lighte  
goodes, the sorowful houre, that  
is to seyn, the deeth, hadde almost dreynt  
myn heved. But now, for fortune cloudy hath  
chaunged hir deceyvable chere to meward,  
myn unpitous lyf draweth along unagreable